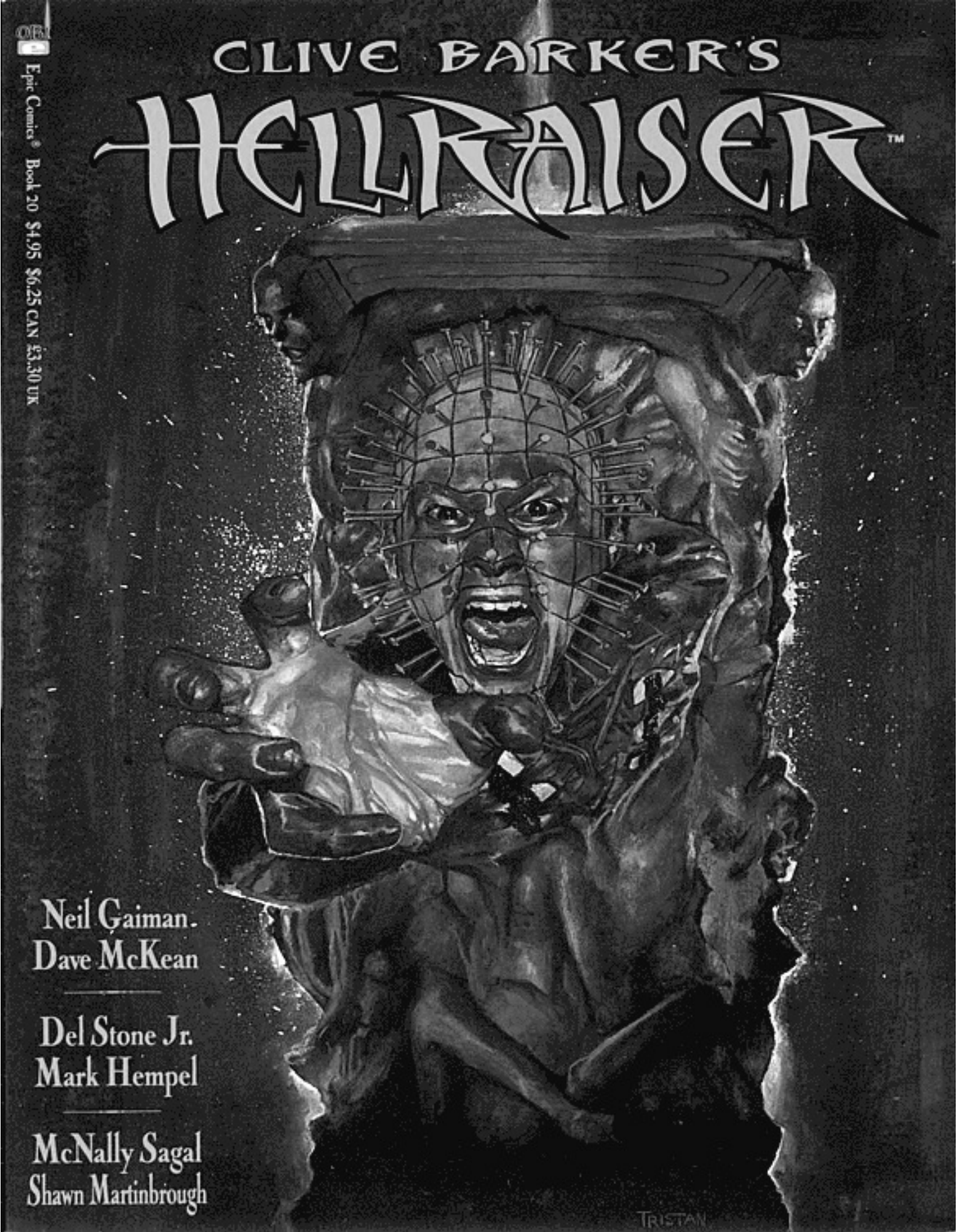
VISIT…


CLIVE BARKER'S
HELLRAISER™
Epic Comics® Book 20 $4.95 $6.25 CAN £3.30 UK
Neil Gaiman
Dave McKean
Del Stone Jr.
Mark Hempel
McNally Sagal
Shawn Martinbrough
TRISTAN

Wordsworth
Neil Gaiman
writer
Dave McKean
artist

Girl in the Peephole
Del Stone Jr.
writer
Mark Hempel
artist
Mark Wheatley
colorist

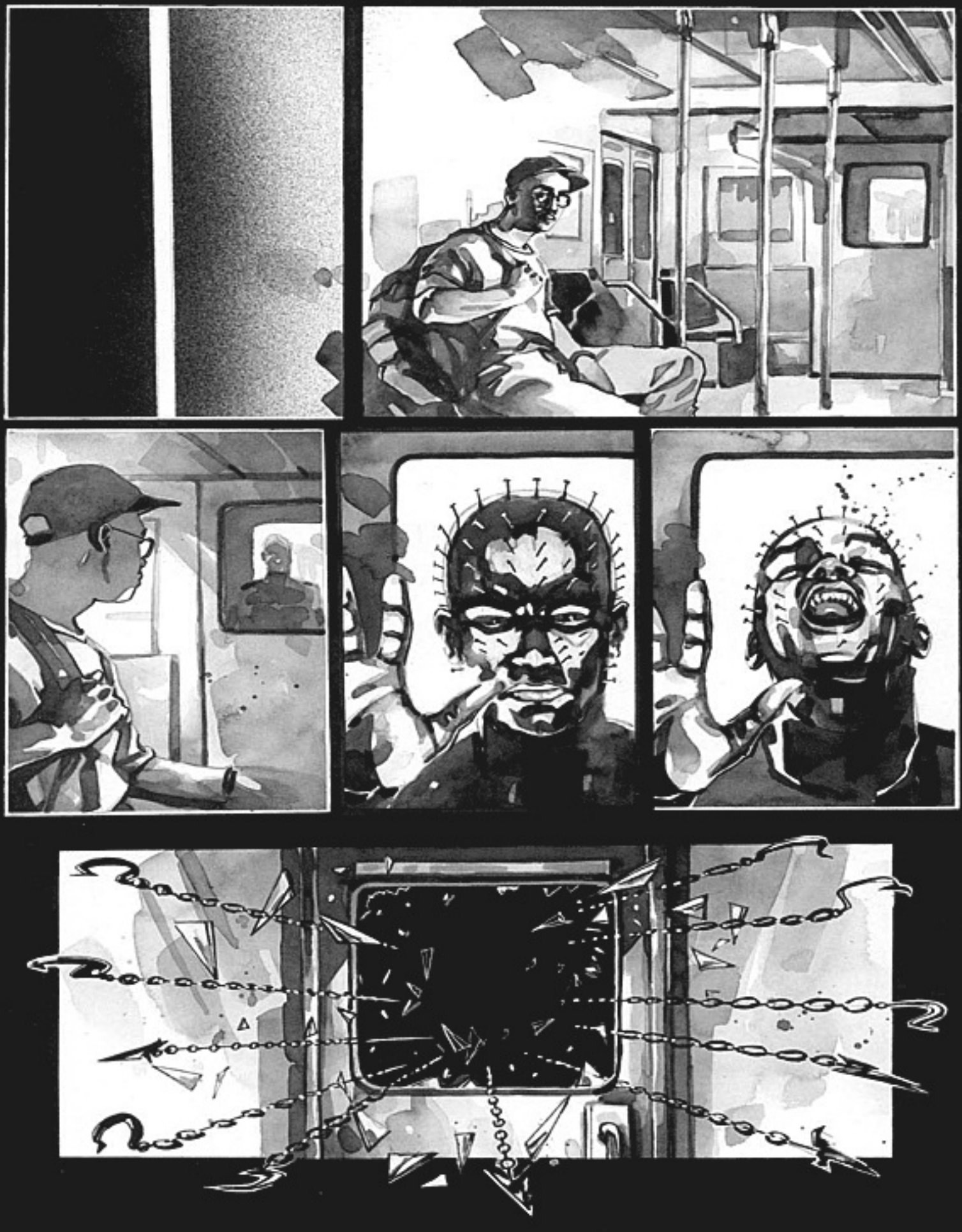
The Last Laugh
McNally Sagal
writer
Shawn Martinbrough
artist
Steve Dutro
letterer

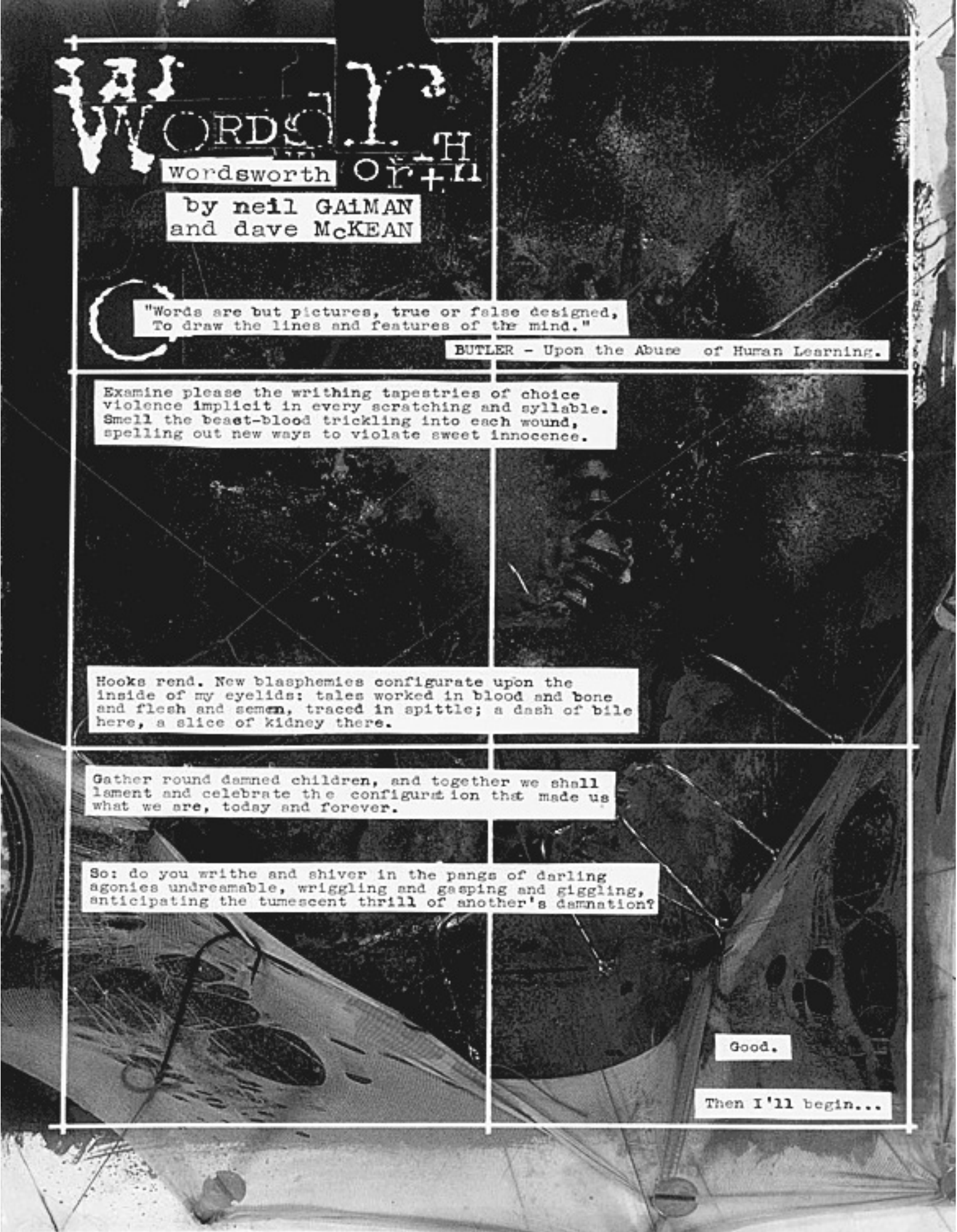
Published every six weeks by Epic Comics. Office of publication: 387 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016.

CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER.™ Book 20.

No part of this book may be printed or reproduced in any manner whether mechanical or electronic, without the written permission of Clive Barker and the publisher. The stories, characters and incidents in this book are entirely fictional. CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER™ is a trademark of Clive Barker. ALL CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER™ material copyright © 1993 Clive Barker. All rights reserved. All other material copyright © 1993 Epic Comics. All rights reserved.

"Epic Comics" is a registered trademark of Epic Comics.

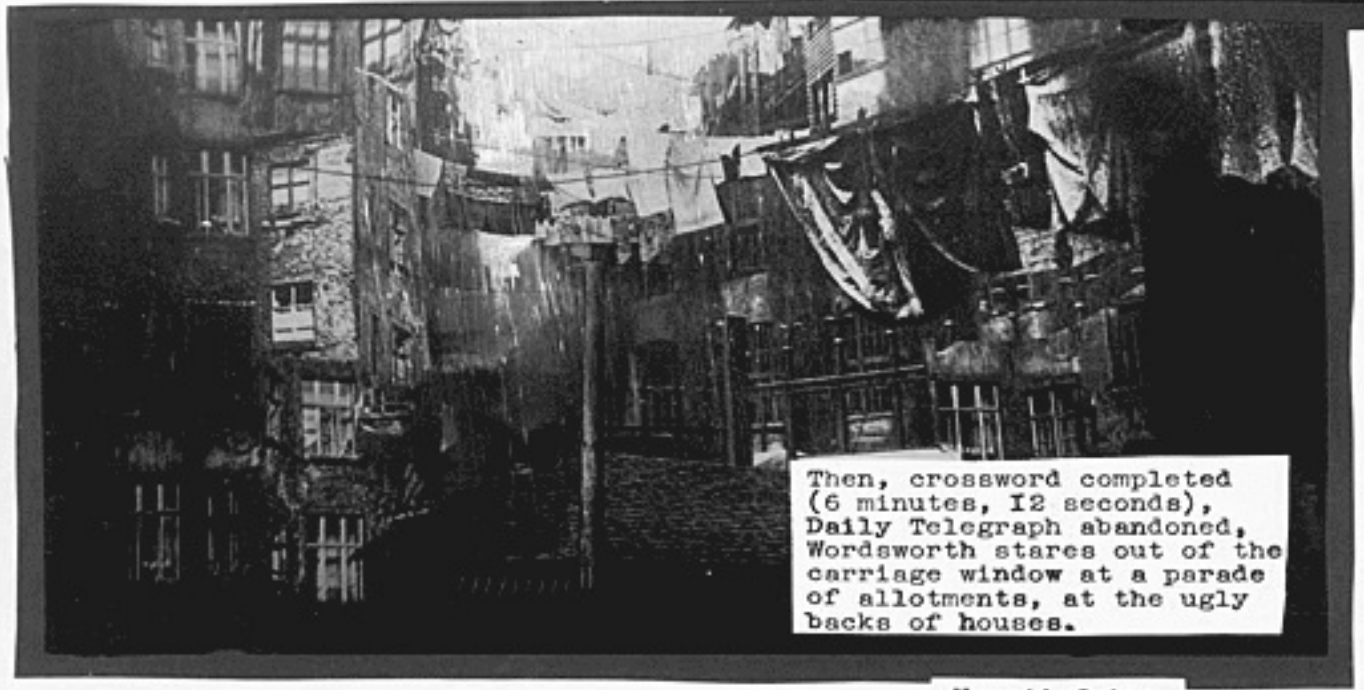



WORDS.I.TH
Wordsworth Orth
by neil GAIMAN
and dave McKEAN
"Words are but pictures, true or false designed,
To draw the lines and features of the mind."
BUTLER - Upon the Abuse of Human Learning.
Examine please the writhing tapestries of choice violence implicit in every scratching and syllable. Smell the beast-blood trickling into each wound, spelling out new ways to violate sweet innocence.
Hooks rend. New blasphemies configurate upon the inside of my eyelids: tales worked in blood and bone and flesh and semen, traced in spittle; a dash of bile here, a slice of kidney there.
Gather round damned children, and together we shall lament and celebrate the configuration that made us what we are, today and forever.
So: do you writhe and shiver in the pangs of darling agonies undreamable, wriggling and gasping and giggling, anticipating the tumescent thrill of another's damnation?
Good.
Then I'll begin...

The final clue, I2 down:

12: You imply no blazing fronds grow in the abyss?

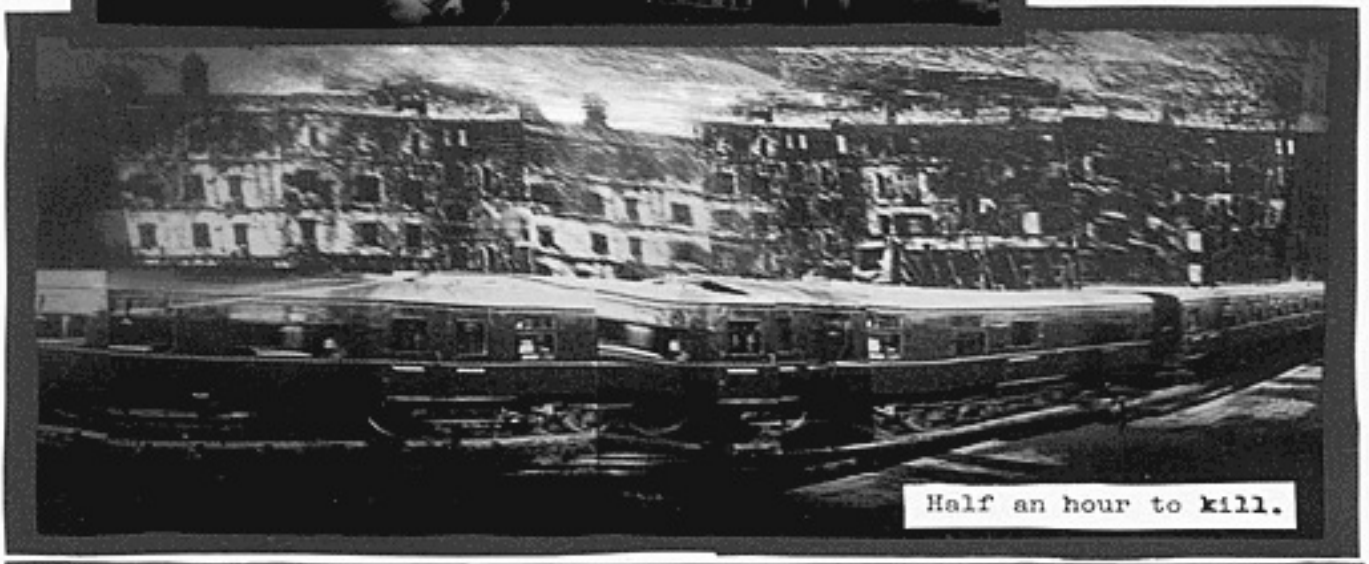
Inferno.


Then, crossword completed (6 minutes, I2 seconds), Daily Telegraph abandoned, Wordsworth stares out of the carriage window at a parade of allotments, at the ugly backs of houses.

Unsatisfying.

The train shudders into the city centre and a fly makes languorous love to the grimy window.

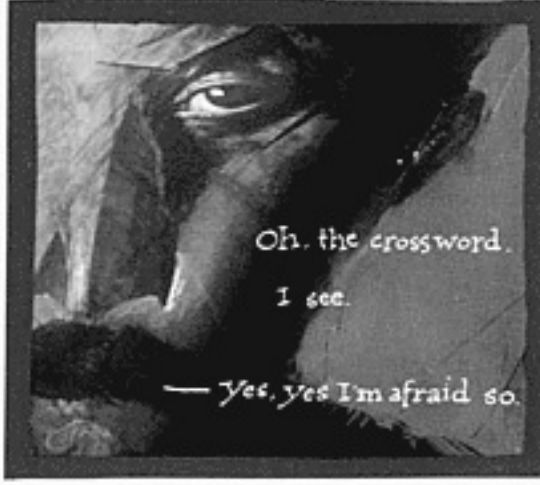
Half an hour to go before he arrives at the library.



Half an hour to kill.

You finish puzzle. —

— Sorry?

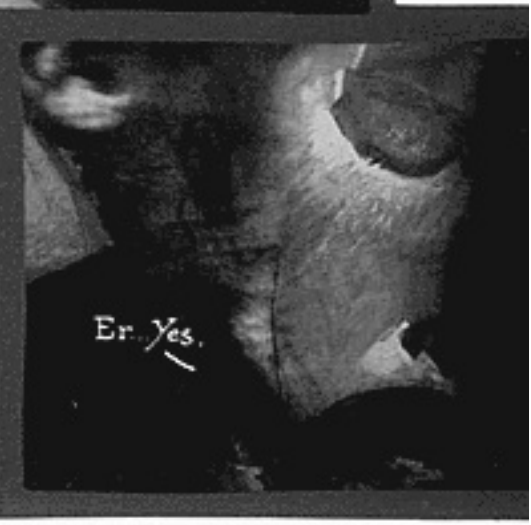


Oh. the crossword.

I see.

— Yes, yes I'm afraid so.

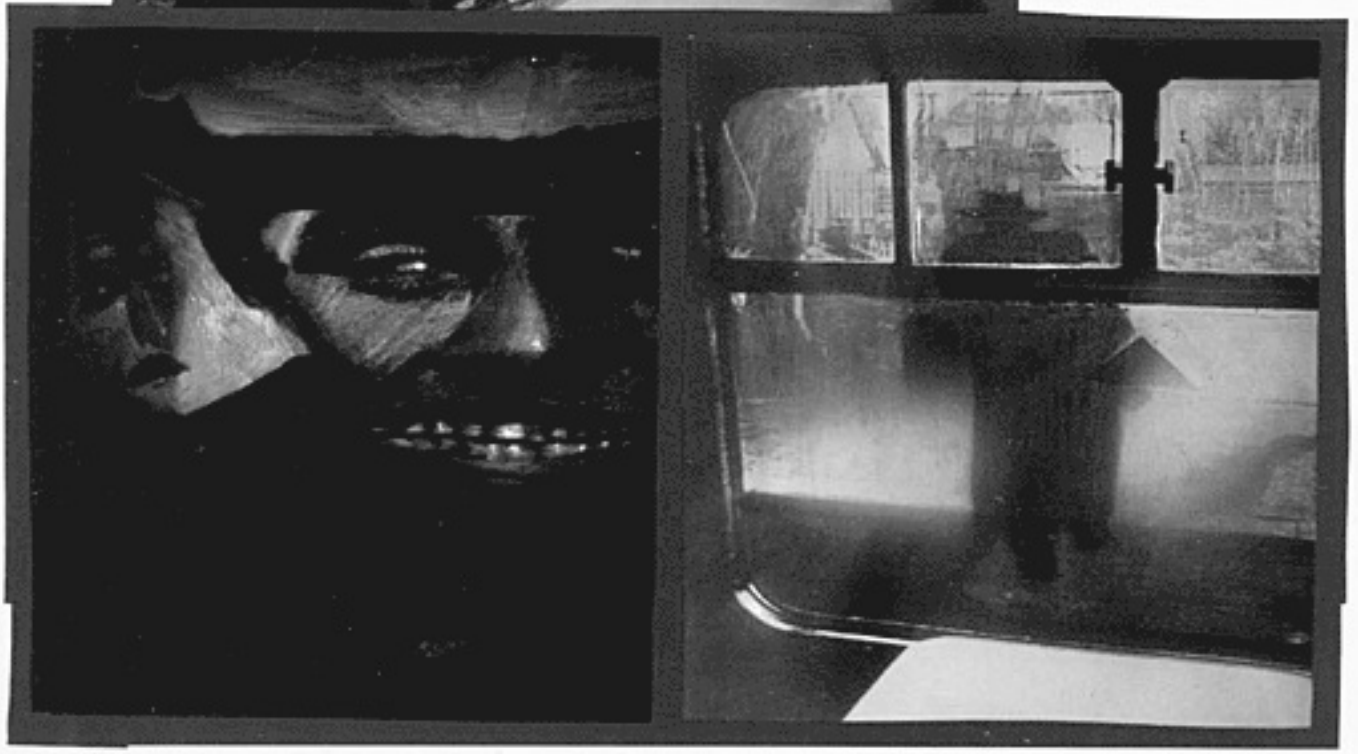
Words.

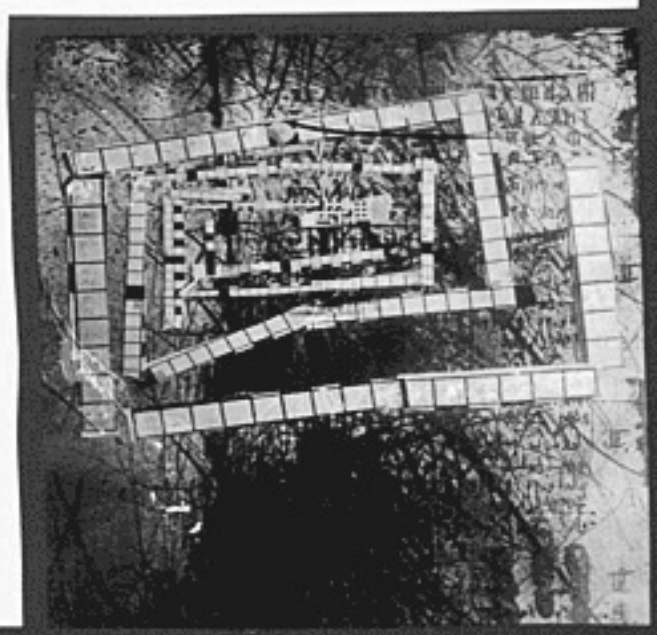


Er. Yes.

You need good puzzle, Here.

Oh, I see. Right. Well, uh... thank you.



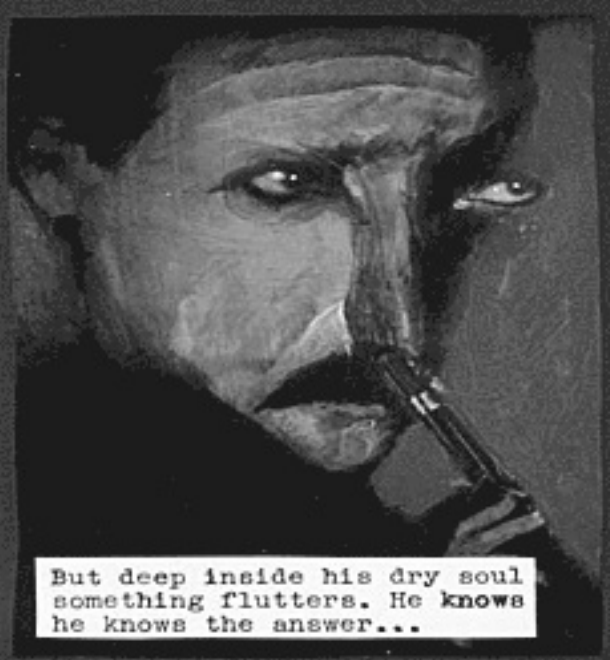


Wordsworth gazes at the paper in dismay. No true crossword here. He scans the first clue, expects nothing of substance.

Wordsworth ponders. An anagram, perhaps? He combines permutations of 'you', and 'U', with both 'Rabbit' and 'hare', and, as an afterthought, 'lapin'.

1: What you did to the rabbit. (7)
2: Miss Watson'

It isn't coming.



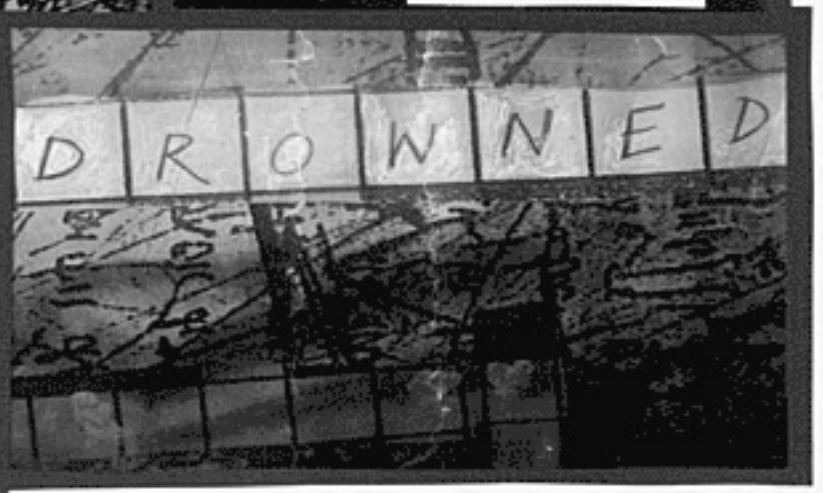
But deep inside his dry soul something flutters. He **knows** he knows the answer...

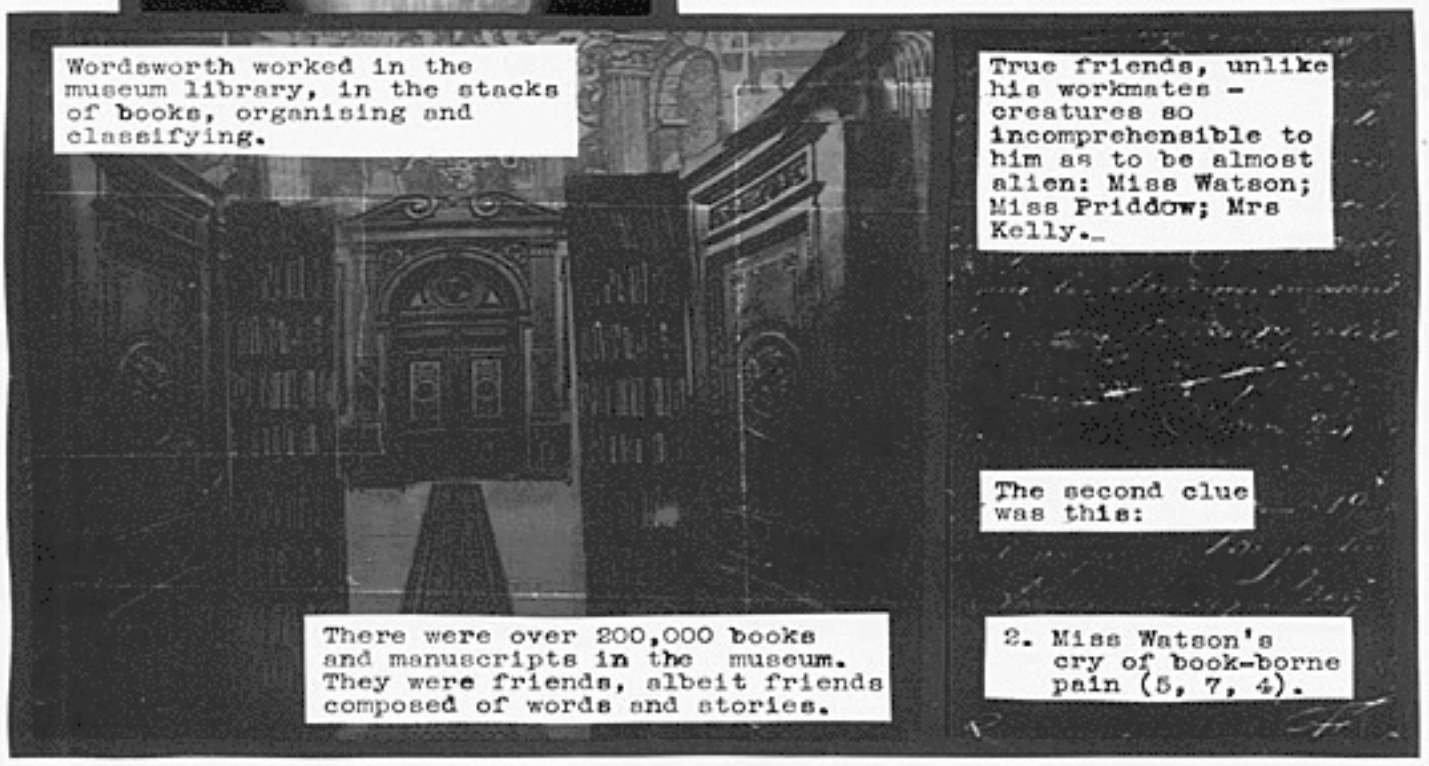
He just doesn't know what it is.

And then...

(Wordsworth was seven)
(His rabbit was called Flopsy.)

...he knew.


DROWNED


Wordsworth worked in the museum library, in the stacks of books, organising and classifying.
There were over 200,000 books and manuscripts in the museum. They were friends, albeit friends composed of words and stories.
True friends, unlike his workmates - creatures so incomprehensible to him as to be almost alien: Miss Watson; Miss Priddow; Mrs Kelly._
The second clue was this:
2. Miss Watson's cry of book-borne pain (5, 7, 4).

Jesus sodding Xeg! Owwww!
I. I beg your pardon, Miss Watson. I'm afraid my elbow knocked the Abigensich Crumde off the mezzanine ledge.
Are you all right?
'Course I'm not all right. You stupid old fit-mouse! I think my shoulders broken!
JESUSSODDINGNEPT
Wordsworth doesn't know where the puzzle comes from, nor does he care. The puzzle is all. The words are everything.
3. The gift of the Scavenger's Daughter? (5).
He finds out, and fills the answer on the puzzle in his precise, neat handwriting.
Blood.
Answers.
Wordsworth discovers there is a specialised vocabulary in the more uncompromising realms of bondage and flagellation.

From that province he takes away a scarred back and expertly pierced genitalia; and, more importantly, he fills another **nine** squares on the puzzle.

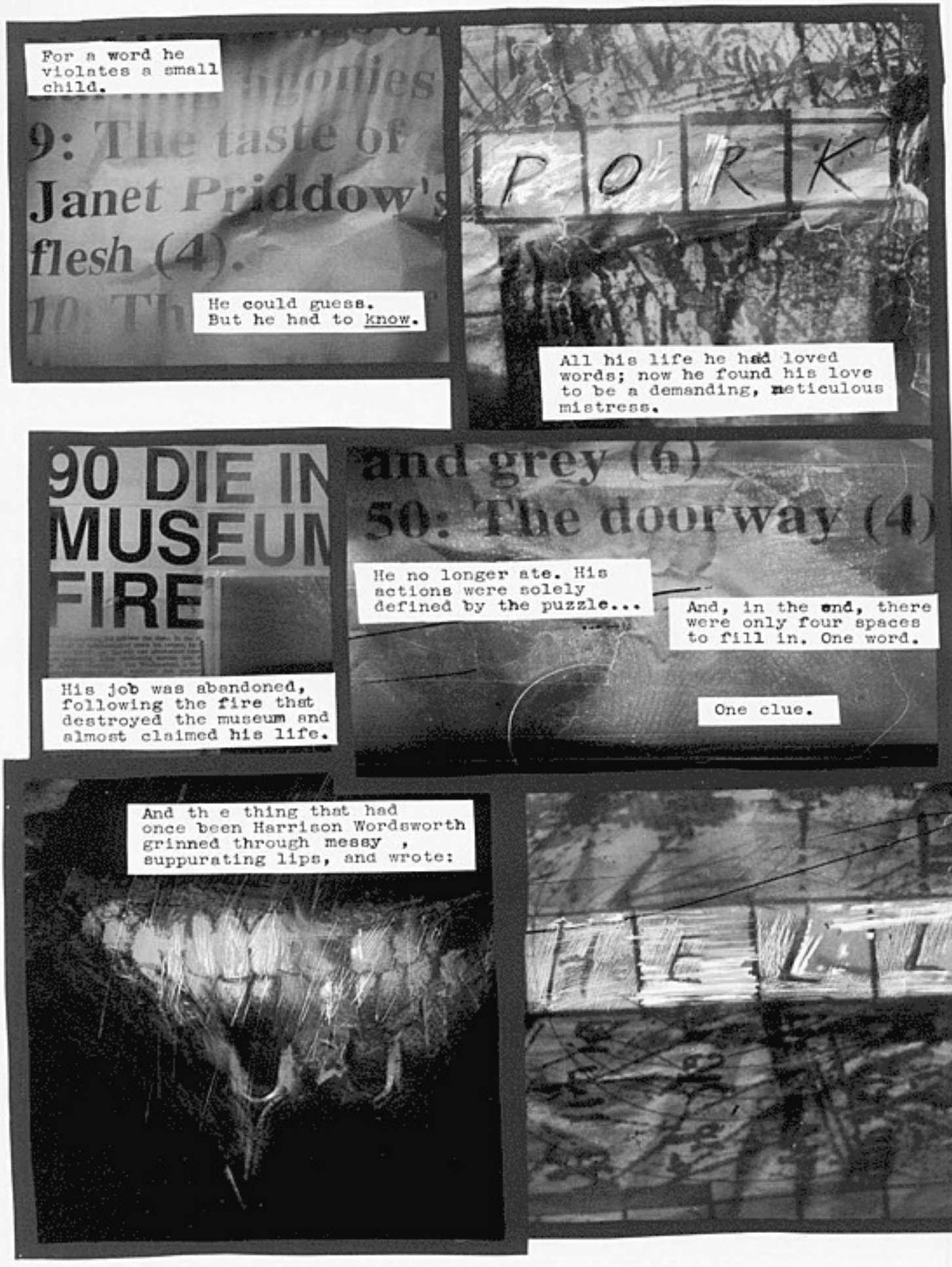
Wordsworth attends a meal, at which noble and affluent coprophiliacs dine for twelve courses on forty kinds of human shit.

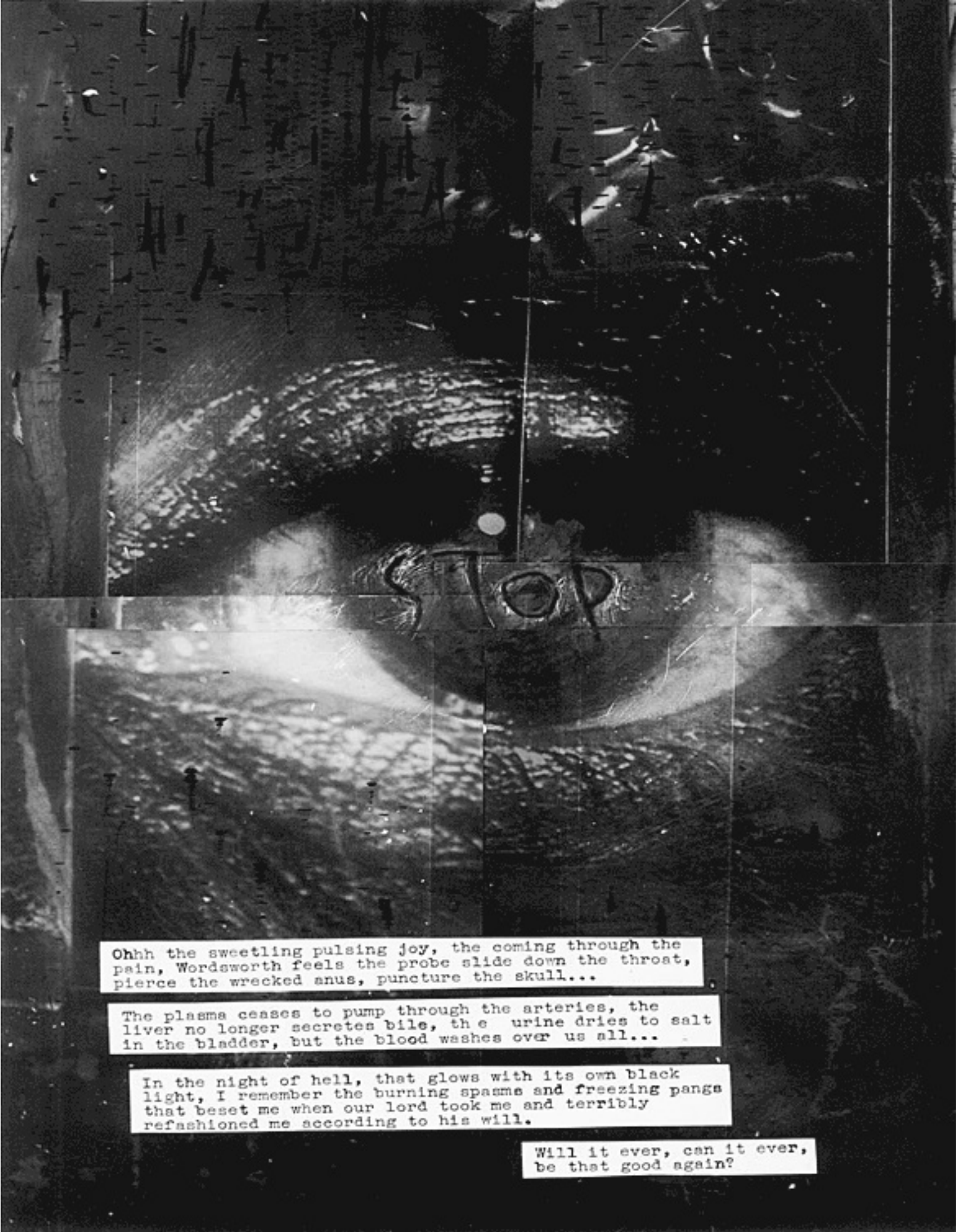
He's there for the last word on the menu: it turns out to be coffee. Someone has a sense of humour...

The delights of reluctant perversion chill him, although each new experience has a specific end in view.

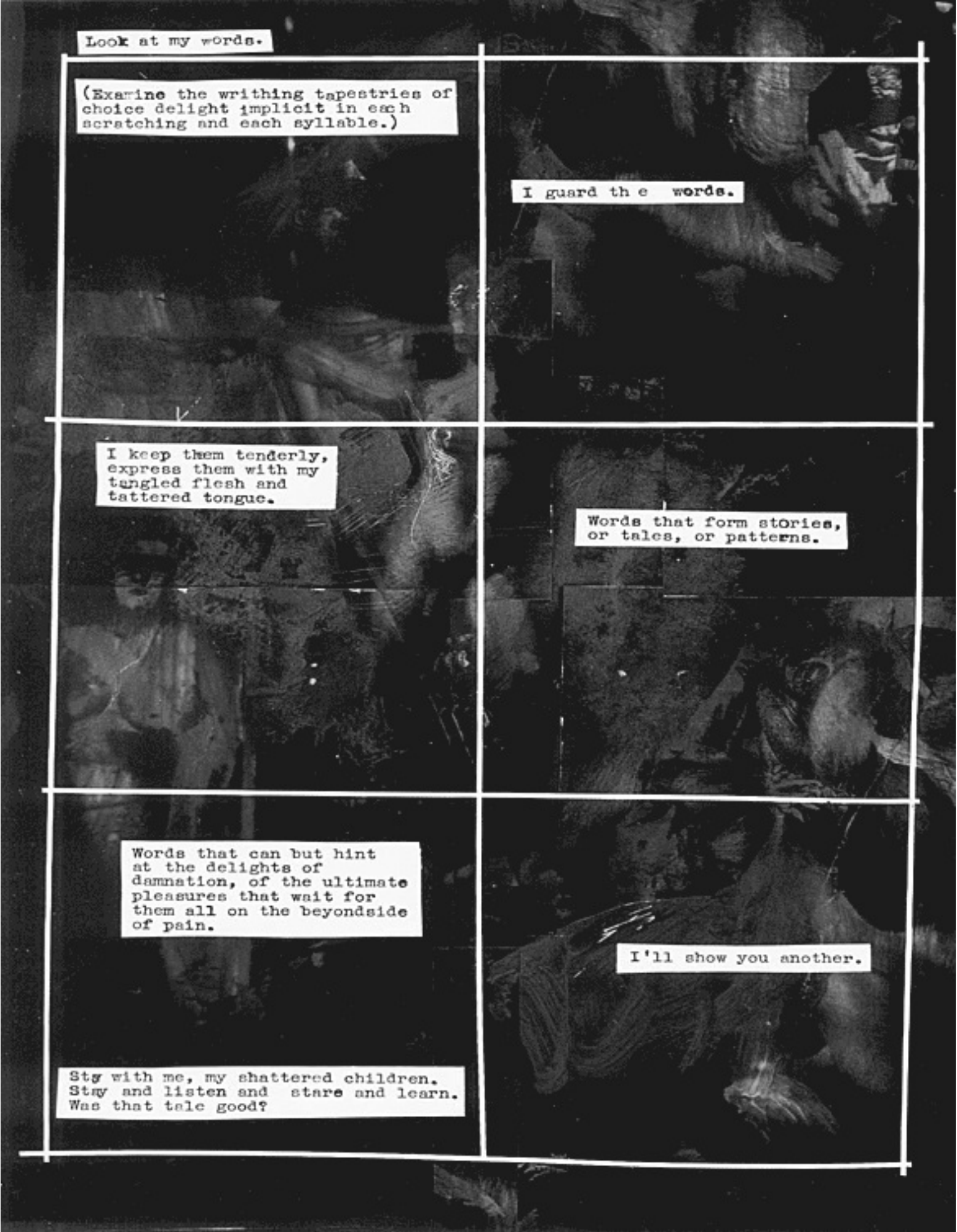
Words.

For a word he cuts a dog apart and casts its entrails upon his kitchen floor, seeking sense in the loops and whorls of its intestines.


For a word he violates a small child.
9: The taste of Janet Priddow's flesh (4).
He could guess. But he had to know.
P O R K
All his life he had loved words; now he found his love to be a demanding, meticulous mistress.
90 DIE IN MUSEUM FIRE
His job was abandoned, following the fire that destroyed the museum and almost claimed his life.
and grey (6)
50: The doorway (4)
He no longer ate. His actions were solely defined by the puzzle...
And, in the end, there were only four spaces to fill in. One word.
One clue.
And th e thing that had once been Harrison Wordsworth grinned through messy , suppurating lips, and wrote:
T H E W A L L

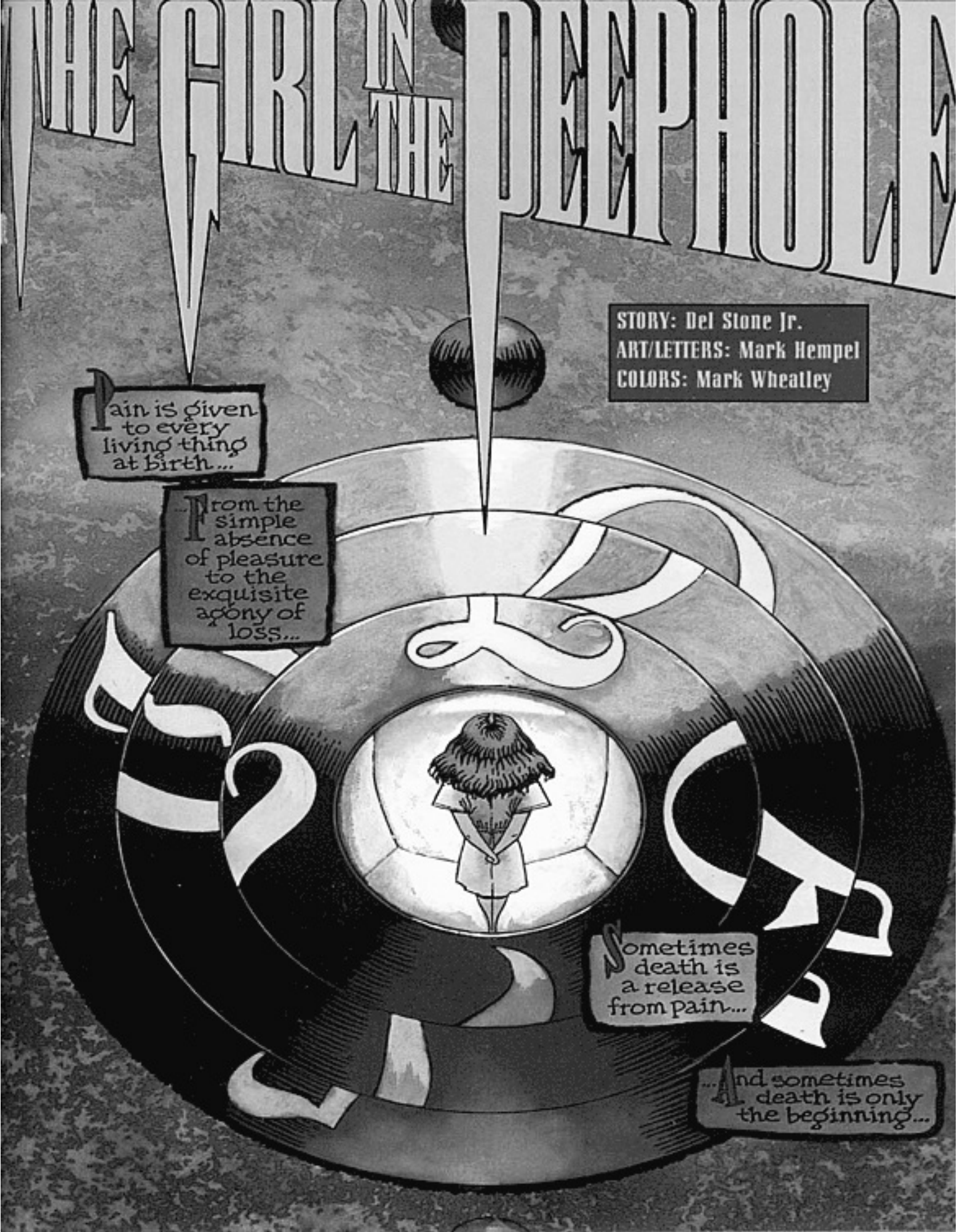

STOP
Ohhh the sweetling pulsing joy, the coming through the pain, Wordsworth feels the probe slide down the throat, pierce the wrecked anus, puncture the skull...
The plasma ceases to pump through the arteries, the liver no longer secretes bile, th e urine dries to salt in the bladder, but the blood washes over us all...
In the night of hell, that glows with its own black light, I remember the burning spasms and freezing pangs that beset me when our lord took me and terribly refashioned me according to his will.
Will it ever, can it ever, be that good again?

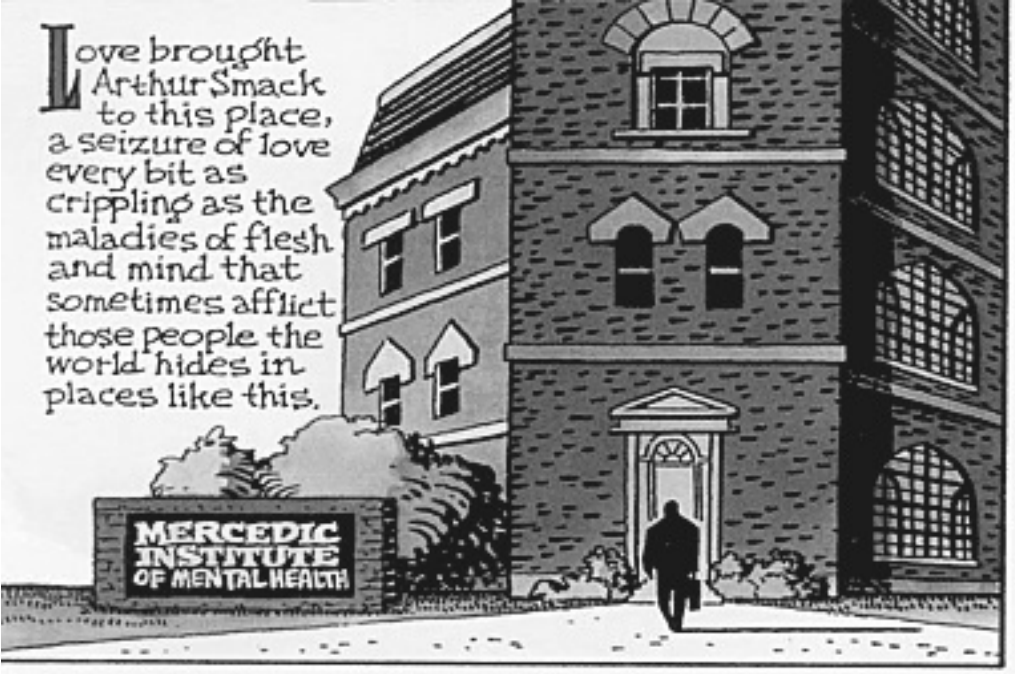
Ripped to shreds and patched together.
I knew then consummately what I was.
What I am. What I always will be...
See me.
L
o
v
e
m
e.
LOVE ME

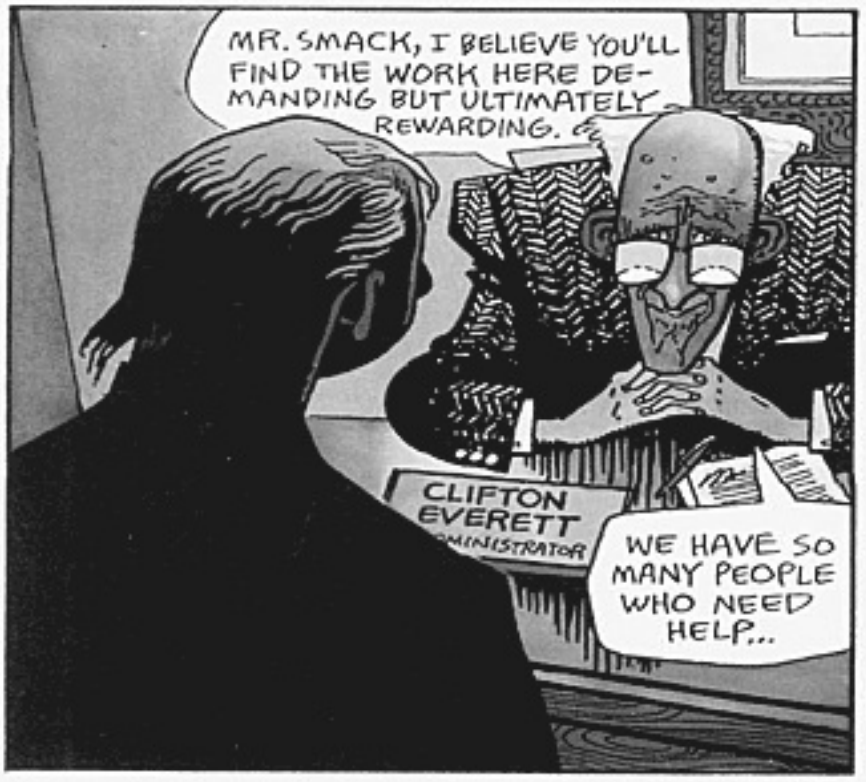

Look at my words.
(Examine the writhing tapestries of choice delight implicit in each scratching and each syllable.)
I guard th e words.
I keep them tenderly, express them with my tangled flesh and tattered tongue.
Words that form stories, or tales, or patterns.
Words that can but hint at the delights of damnation, of the ultimate pleasures that wait for them all on the beyondside of pain.
I'll show you another.
Stay with me, my shattered children. Stay and listen and stare and learn. Was that tale good?

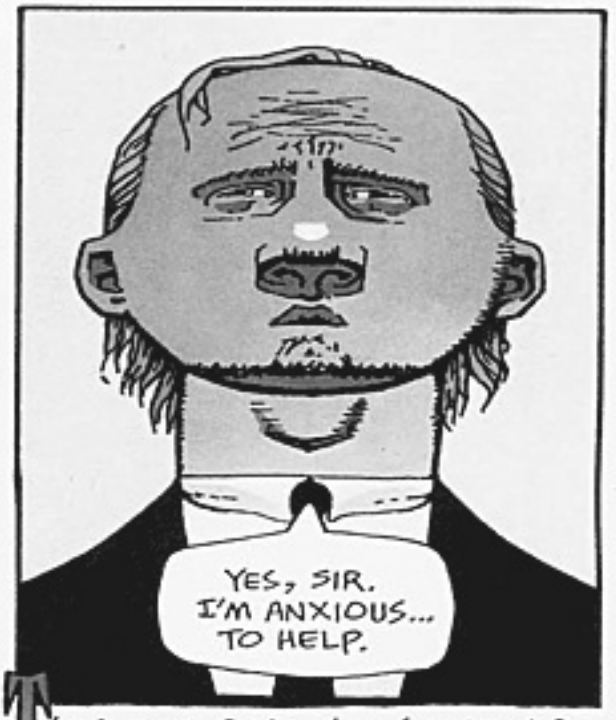
I'Ve got thousands of them.
I hold the stories. I guard
the words.
L o v e m e .

D·E·R·E·K·'91


THE GIRL IN THE PEEPHOLE
STORY: Del Stone Jr.
ART/LETTERS: Mark Hempel
COLORS: Mark Wheatley
Pain is given to every living thing at birth...
...From the simple absence of pleasure to the exquisite agony of loss...
Sometimes death is a release from pain...
...And sometimes death is only the beginning...


Love brought Arthur Smack to this place, a seizure of love every bit as crippling as the maladies of flesh and mind that sometimes afflict those people the world hides in places like this.
MERCEDIC INSTITUTE OF MENTAL HEALTH


MR. SMACK, I BELIEVE YOU'LL FIND THE WORK HERE DEMANDING BUT ULTIMATELY REWARDING.
CLIFTON EVERETT
ADMINISTRATOR
WE HAVE SO MANY PEOPLE WHO NEED HELP...



The irony of this bend in his life is not lost on Arthur...

Arthur works tirelessly and efficiently...
...And is rewarded by the doctors and other staffers, who give him their trust.
SOMETIMES THESE NUT CASES--'SCUSE ME, THESE "PATIENTS"--BECOME A LITTLE OVERHEATED, LIKE BACK THERE. BUT MAN, YOU WERE COOL! YOU CAN CADDY FOR ME ANYTIME!
THANKS, DOCTOR.
But the path to atonement is fraught with peril...
DADDEEE!
HI, MUNCHKIN! HOW'S MY BABY THIS AFTERNOON?
...As old illnesses flare anew...
...Stubborn fevers that simmer beneath the veneer of his consciousness...
...And sometimes burn through the armor of his new faith.
THIS COURT FINDS THE DEFENDANT, ARTHUR SMACK...
...GUILTY OF THE CRIME OF...
It is a war of the soul that Arthur has always fought. Sometimes he is defeated. Sometimes he wins.
And it is through these small victories that Arthur hopes to reassert control over his life. The future does not look so bleak.
ARTHUR, I'D LIKE YOU TO TAKE ON SOME ADDITIONAL RESPONSIBILITIES...RESPONSIBILITIES THAT CALL FOR A PERSON WITH YOUR SPECIAL TALENTS.
I THINK YOU'RE UP TO IT.

Ward S... Arthur had heard other staff members allude to this place in cryptic, almost sinister tones that reminded him of children telling ghost stories around a campfire...
THESE PATIENTS HAVE CERTAIN, AH, THERAPEUTIC REQUIREMENTS THAT CAN'T BE ADMINISTERED BY THE REGULAR STAFF.
WARD S
The patients of Ward S are kept behind lock and key. These are the traumatically insane, the murderers who kill at the behest of voices only they can hear, the cannibals who carve up their victims and store the remains in resealable plastic bags.
AH, NURSE. IF YOU HAVE A MOMENT, I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO MR. ARTHUR SMACK, A NEW ORDERLY WHO WILL BE STAFFING YOUR DEPARTMENT.
Nurse Anolé.
WELCOME ABOARD, MR. SMACK. IF YOU HADN'T GUESSED, THIS IS HELL, AND WE DO THINGS DIFFERENTLY IN HELL.
OUR METHODS ARE UNORTHODOX BECAUSE OUR PATIENTS ARE UNORTHODOX.
OH, AND THEN WE HAVE RACHEL.
TAKE MR. MILLER HERE, HE REQUIRES A STRICT REGIMEN OF RITUALIZED PUNISHMENT. HIS PAIN KEEPS HIM ALIVE... SPIRITUALLY.
MR. MILLER IS ONE OF OUR LESS TROUBLESOME GUESTS. WE HAVE FAR WORSE, MR. SMACK. HACKSAW SURGEONS, MESSIAHS WHO DEMAND SACRAMENTS OF BLOOD...

RACHEL STAYS IN A SPECIAL ROOM...
...WITH A VERY SPECIAL LOCK.
Rings within rings, bearing unknown calligraphies that simultaneously attract and repel Arthur.
And wasn't there another word, a larger message lurking beneath the patterns of runes?
I HAVE THE COMBINATION TO THIS LOCK, MR. SMACK.
I AM THE ONLY PERSON WHO MAY OPEN THIS DOOR.
YOU SEEM INTRIGUED, MR. SMACK.
GO AHEAD. LOOK INSIDE.
YOU MIGHT BE SURPRISED BY WHAT YOU SEE.

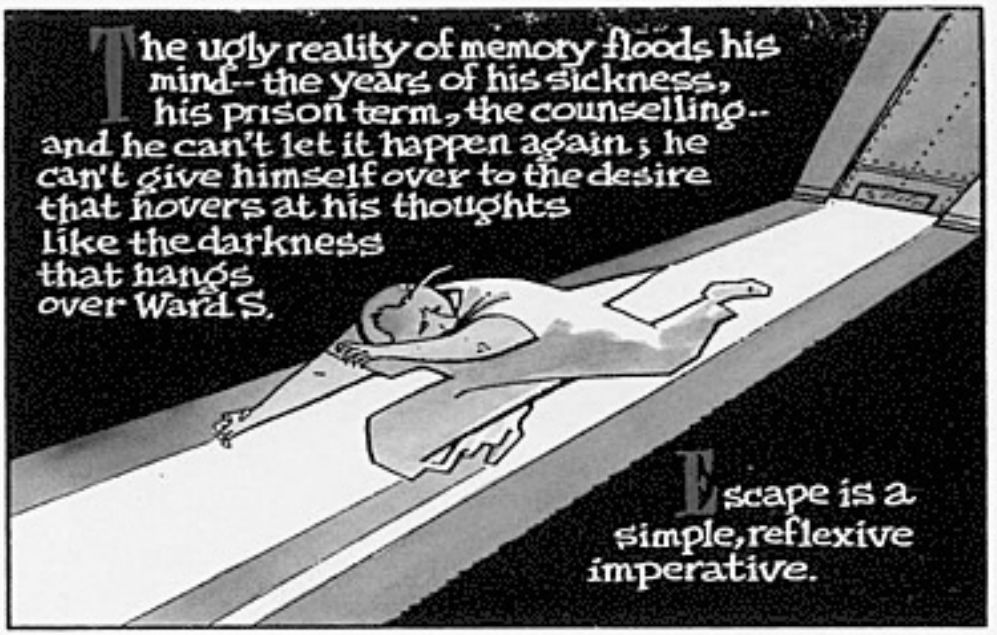
Rachel...
Arthur's heart crawls into his throat.
JUST A GIRL.
SHE'S JUST A GIRL!
NOT JUST A GIRL, MR. SMACK. SHE'S INVENTED CRUELTIES THAT, BY COMPARISON, LIKEN OUR OTHER GUESTS TO SAINTS.
SHE'S EARNED HER PLACE ON WARD 5.
AND YOU'D BETTER REMEMBER THAT, MR. SMACK. YOU'VE NEVER MET ANYTHING LIKE RACHEL.
IT WILL BE YOUR RESPONSIBILITY TO BRING RACHEL HER MEALS. YOU WILL SLIDE HER TRAY THROUGH THE SLOT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE DOOR.
YOU WILL NOT SPEAK TO HER. YOU WILL NOT TOUCH HER. YOU WILL HAVE NO CONTACT WITH HER -- NONE WHATSOEVER. THAT IS MY BURDEN. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
NOW COME WITH ME, PLEASE. I'LL SHOW YOU YOUR OTHER DUTIES.
And so Arthur falls into the grim routine of ministering to the unfortunate "guests" of Ward 5.
Arthur is drawn to the lock at Rachel's cell. Or is it merely the lock? A familiar ache, and a growing despair, gather at the edges of his thoughts.
One day, she speaks to him...
Arthur? Please? Can you hear me?

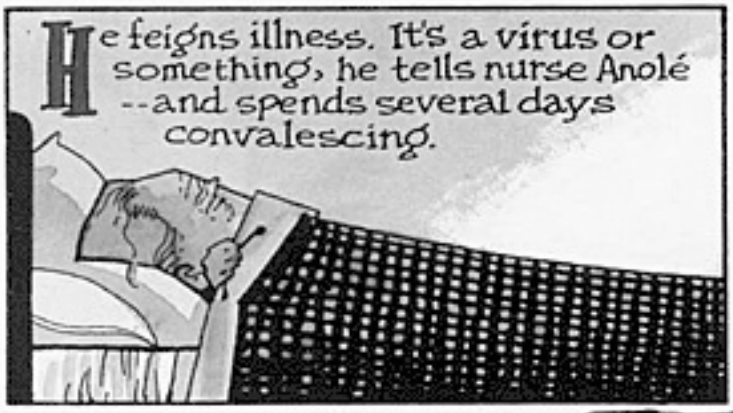
Arthur? It **is** you, isn't it?
Arthur, you've got to help me. I know what nurse Anolé probably told you, but you've got to believe me: I've done nothing wrong.
I've been imprisoned here, Arthur...
...for the crime of love.
And you know it's true, Arthur...
...you of all people, Arthur. You know it's true that love is **no** crime.
Will you help me, Arthur? Will you? I'll do anything, Arthur. **Anything.**
NO, I CAN'T. THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO.

Arthur feels the ugly constriction of old desires...
...Desires he might have resisted again...
...Were it not for a touch...
...A touch. And then... OH!
The feeling crawls along his nerves like St. Elmo's Fire--it surges up his spine to detonate at the base of his skull in a concussion of sheer pleasure...
And that forbidden finger of touch reaches into the part of his brain where heaven lies...
...Igniting every sweet dream he had ever dreamed.
...With Rachel at the center, brushing away the dim fragments of others he had loved...

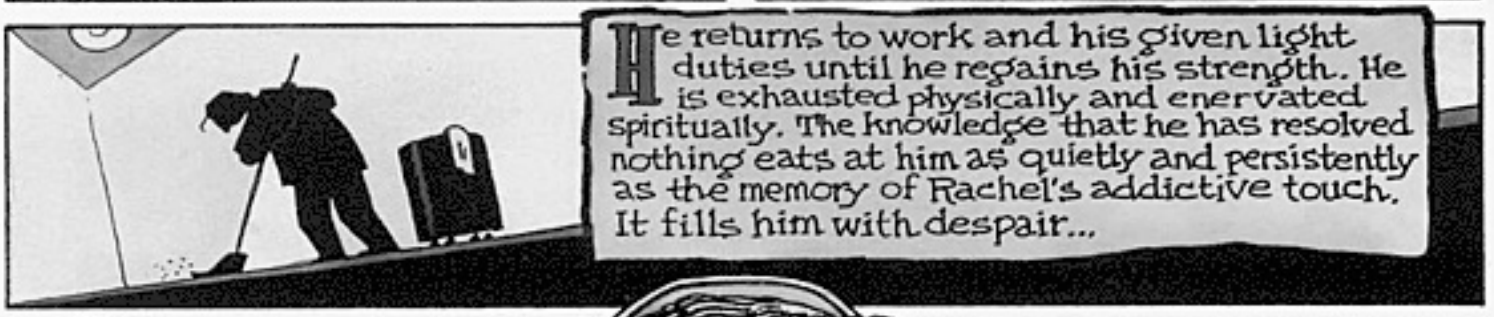
Until it is only Rachel, nobody and nothing but Rachel, filling every niche and every recess of his need, overwhelming his senses until her presence suddenly becomes cloying and oppressive.
The dream sours to memories Arthur had struggled to bury...
THIS COURT FINDS THE DEFENDANT, ARTHUR SMACK, GUILTY OF THE CRIME OF FELONIOUS SEXUAL BATTERY UPON A MINOR...
Unhappy memories of his day in court, of the therapy sessions, where the truth was spaded up from the diseased soil of his subconscious...
...And the meager possibility of hope offerered by the doctors...
If only he could resist his impulses, the doctors told him, a new and more virtuous Arthur Smack would be reborn.

RESIST!

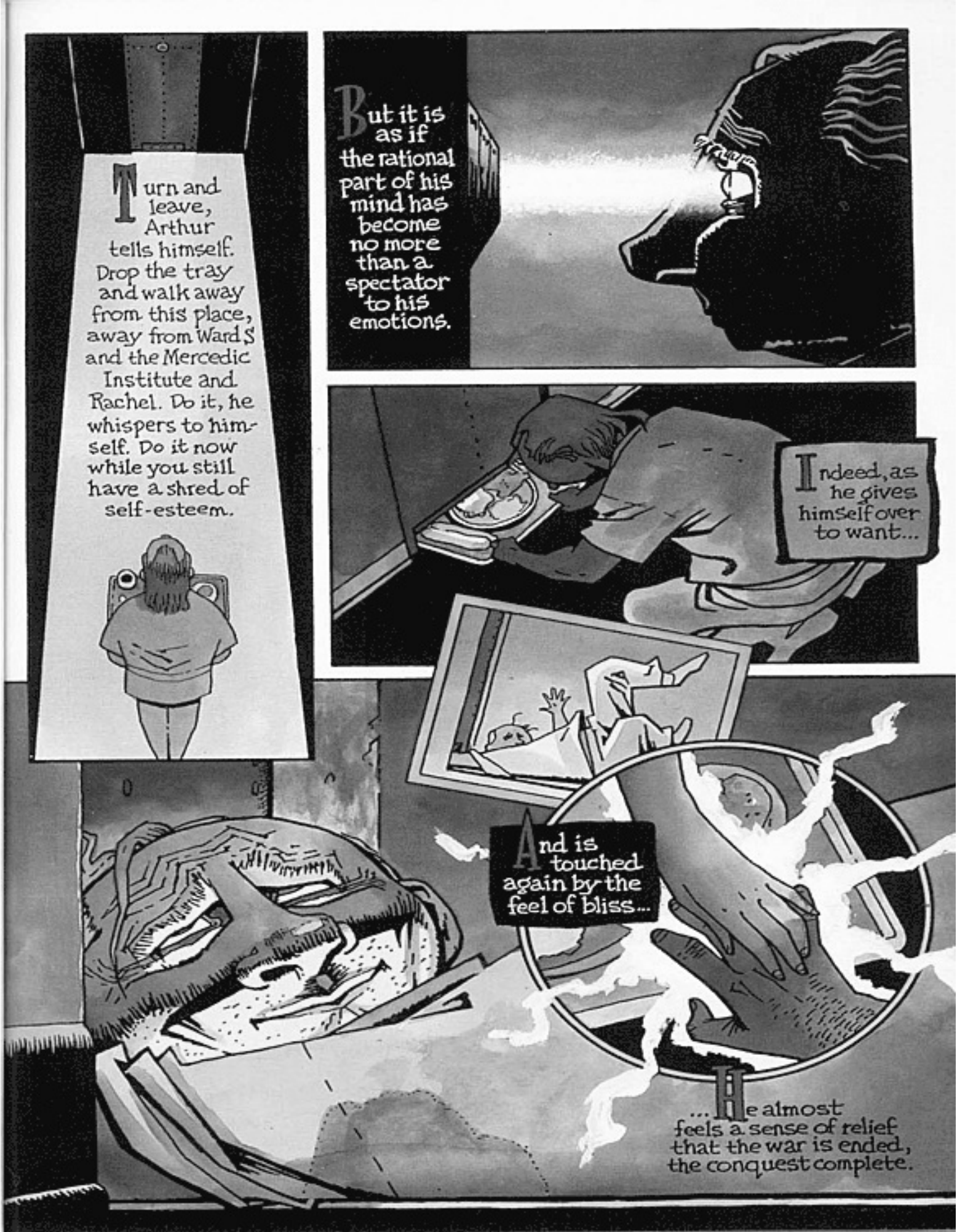

The ugly reality of memory floods his mind-- the years of his sickness, his prison term, the counselling-- and he can't let it happen again; he can't give himself over to the desire that hovers at his thoughts like the darkness that hangs over Ward S.
Escape is a simple, reflexive imperative.


He feigns illness. It's a virus or something, he tells nurse Anolé --and spends several days convalescing.

The days are difficult, but the nights drain him as his thoughts wage war, the cool hand of self-control giving ground to Rachel's fevered presence, her promise of pleasure and the delicious indulgence of lust.


He returns to work and his given light duties until he regains his strength. He is exhausted physically and enervated spiritually. The knowledge that he has resolved nothing eats at him as quietly and persistently as the memory of Rachel's addictive touch. It fills him with despair...

Despair that cannot defeat desire...
I HOPE YOU'RE WELL, ARTHUR, AND READY TO PICK UP WHERE YOU LEFT OFF.
ANOLÉ
Or the descent into the inevitable...
WARD S


Turn and leave, Arthur tells himself. Drop the tray and walk away from this place, away from Ward S and the Mercedic Institute and Rachel. Do it, he whispers to himself. Do it now while you still have a shred of self-esteem.
But it is as if the rational part of his mind has become no more than a spectator to his emotions.
Indeed, as he gives himself over to want...
And is touched again by the feel of bliss...
...He almost feels a sense of relief that the war is ended, the conquest complete.

He must have her.
But the lock, the damnable lock! It defeats him.
TICTIC TIC TIC
For days, then weeks, he moves the rings, hoping the lock will yield its secrets. His frustration redoubles his desire.
But the result is always the same: DEFEAT. His desire becomes an inhuman thing, a cancer of pain that drives him to continue...
Until one day, when it seems he has been beaten again and his rage is threatening to swallow him...
...A word forms -- a word larger than the runes, larger than the pain that had finally enabled him to see it.
Pain, then, he tells himself as the lock opens. Pain is the key...
CLICK!
Yes, Arthur. Yes. That's the way.
Thank you, Arthur. Thank you.
Now come to me, Arthur. I have something for you.

The dazzling brilliance is swallowed in a sudden convulsion of darkness that reveals an abyss--an impossible abyss that cannot be resisted.
Ahead, a patch of light resolves from the blackness...
...An opening of some kind...
...suffused with an arterial glow...
AAAAAAAAAA!!!

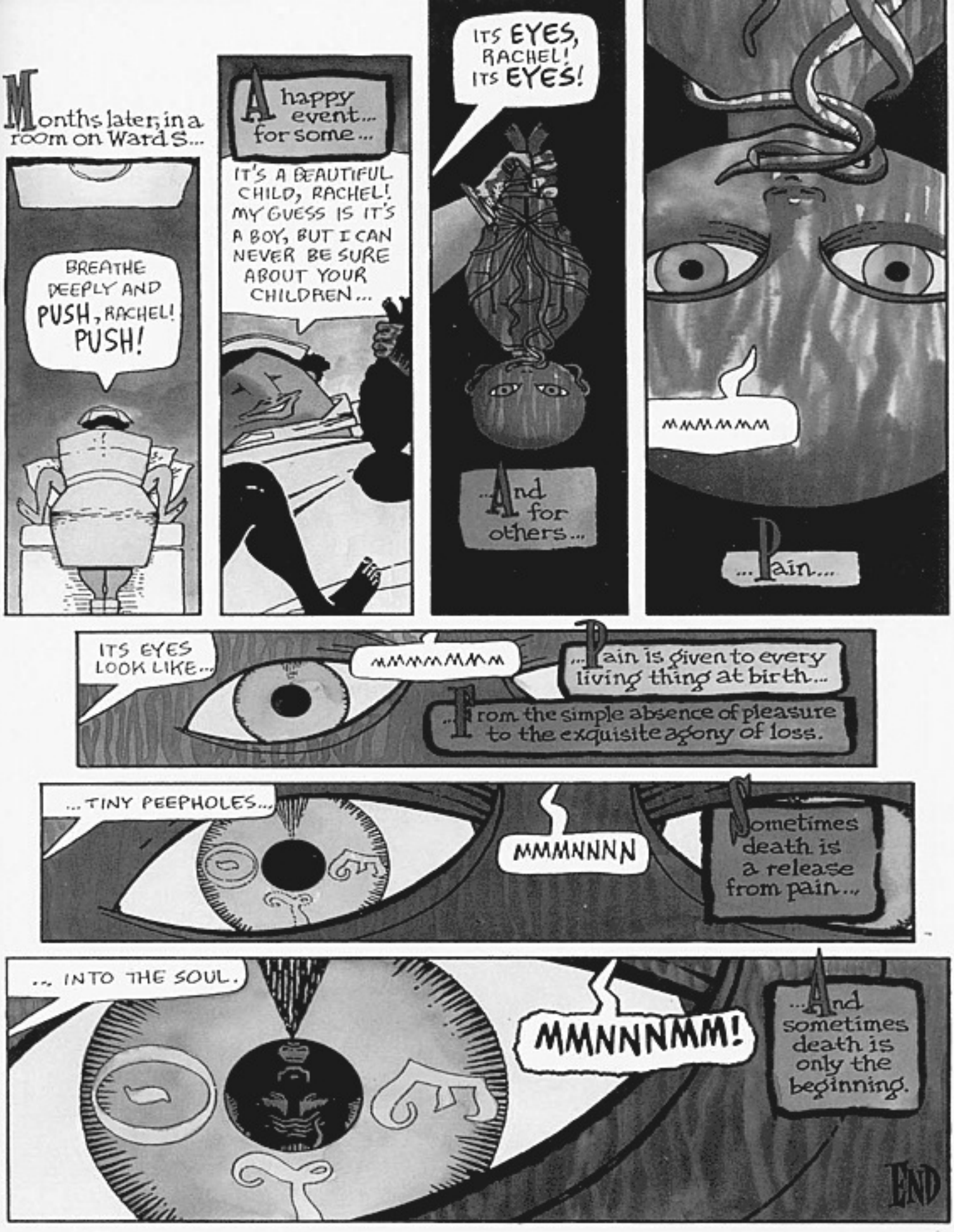
Rings within rings. Words within words. Pain within pain... and a world within the world... a world that has drawn OTHERS...
OH GOD!
OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD-- THEY'RE ME--
...To their common bond of PAIN...
...A world that has summoned other Arthurs, Arthurs that may have never been, Arthurs that died aborning, Arthurs that could yet be...
...And sent plunging into an ocean...
...An ocean of BLOOD...
GAAAH! KAFF! KAFF KAFF!
GLOKKK!

In the distance, riding the crimson froth, Arthur sees someone--SOMETHING--moving toward him.
A boatsman, plying this horrible ocean. As it draws nearer, Arthur hears cries of torment...
NOOOOOOO
WELCOME ABOARD, MR. SMACK! IF YOU HADN'T GUESSED, THIS IS HELL!
A monstrosity... What god had he summoned when he cried out?
AAAHHGGG!
It is impossible, a horror beyond horrors--and Arthur's mind rebels at the sight, begging him to flee, to escape the thing before he is added to its terrible cargo.
But escape to where?
AND WHERE WILL YOU GO, MR. SMACK? YOU MEAN TO ESCAPE?
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'RE ANY DIFFERENT THAN MY OTHER GUESTS HERE?
AFTER ALL, THEY ARE YOU.
And then, a thread of hope...

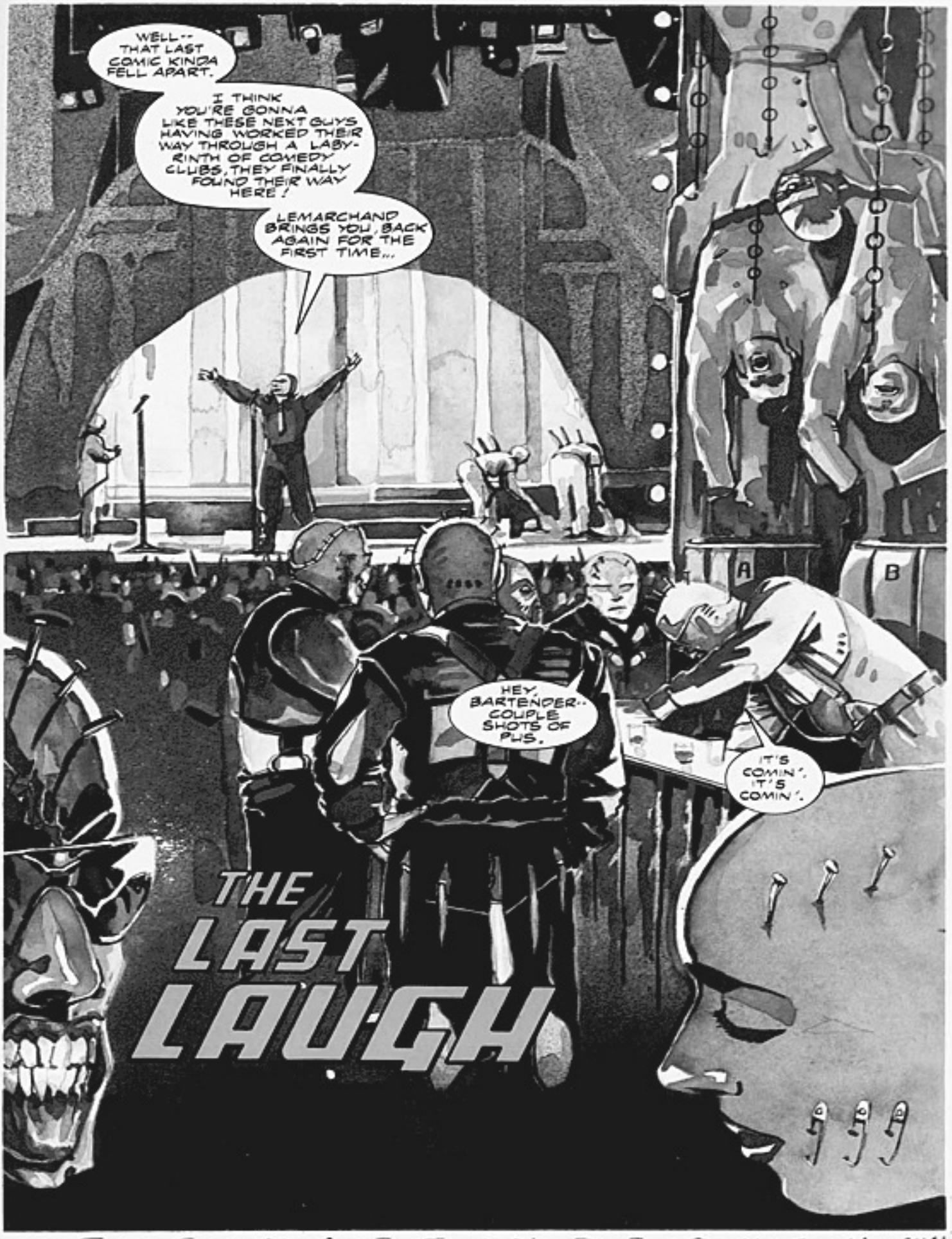
RACHEL.
Come to me, Arthur.
Hurry. I know the way out.
A way out... HOPE...
...so close now...
But maybe not far enough...
RKH
THAT'S RIGHT, MR. SMACK! CLIMB! YOU HAVE A PLACE TO GO NOW, SO CLIMB! CLIMB TO WHATEVER AWAITS YOU!
Every molecule of his being convulses with pleasure at her touch...

Her body fits against his more perfectly than mere coincidence would allow...
I want you to love me, Arthur...
The feel of her words, brushing against his throat, is the essence of desire.
He will have her...
Love is the way out, Arthur...
But something is wrong...
Something is horribly, horribly wrong...

And as his body cries out in horror, the individual cells seeming to writh in their need to escape, Arthur Smack wonders if he has ever known what love, or pain, are truly composed of...
AAARRGGGHHH


Months later, in a room on Ward S...
BREATHE DEEPLY AND PUSH, RACHEL! PUSH!
A happy event... for some...
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL CHILD, RACHEL! MY GUESS IS IT'S A BOY, BUT I CAN NEVER BE SURE ABOUT YOUR CHILDREN...
ITS EYES, RACHEL! ITS EYES!
...And for others...
MMMMMM
...Pain...
ITS EYES LOOK LIKE...
MMMMMMMM
...Pain is given to every living thing at birth...
...From the simple absence of pleasure to the exquisite agony of loss.
...TINY PEEPHOLES...
MMMNNNN
Sometimes death is a release from pain...
...INTO THE SOUL.
MMNNNMM!
...And sometimes death is only the beginning.
END

STEVIE AND MARTY FINNOLI.
STAND UP COMEDIANS--
--PREPARING FOR A TOUGH HOUSE.
FINISHING TOUCHES.
ADD A LITTLE COLOR.
UUUCHHH! WHAT A DIVE. WHY'D WE EVER TAKE THIS BOOKING?
WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHOICE.
I'M NOT GOING OUT THERE AGAIN.
SORRY, BOYS-- THIS IS ONE GIG NOBODY GETS OUT OF.
YOU'RE ON!
THE COMEDIANS' PRAYER: MAKE 'EM LAUGH. MAKE 'EM LAUGH. MAKE 'EM LAUGH!

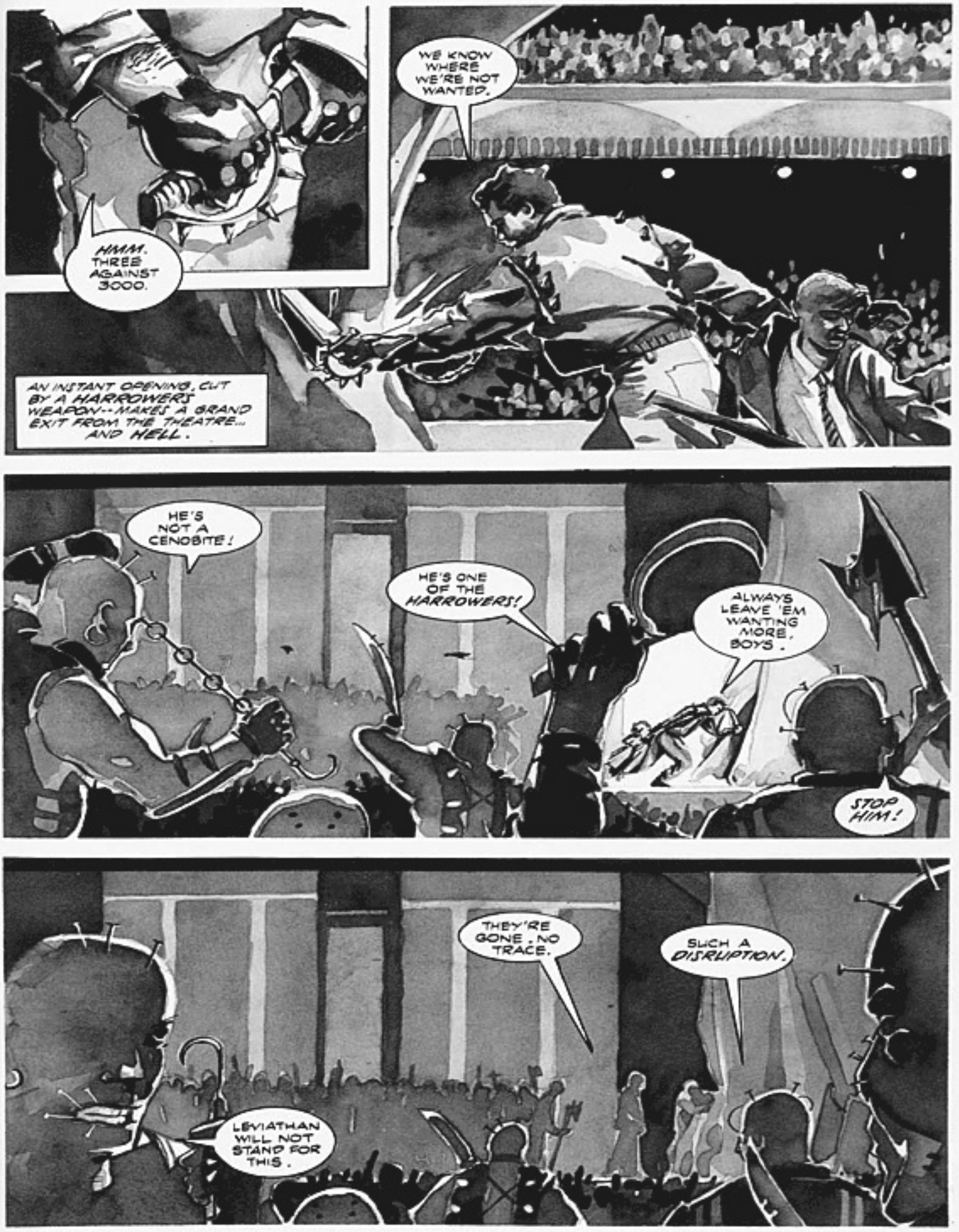

WELL-- THAT LAST COMIC KINDA FELL APART.
I THINK YOU'RE GONNA LIKE THESE NEXT GUYS HAVING WORKED THEIR WAY THROUGH A LABYRINTH OF COMEDY CLUBS, THEY FINALLY FOUND THEIR WAY HERE!
LEMARCHAND BRINGS YOU, BACK AGAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME...
A
B
HEY, BARTENDER.. COUPLE SHOTS OF PUS.
IT'S COMIN', IT'S COMIN'.
THE LAST LAUGH

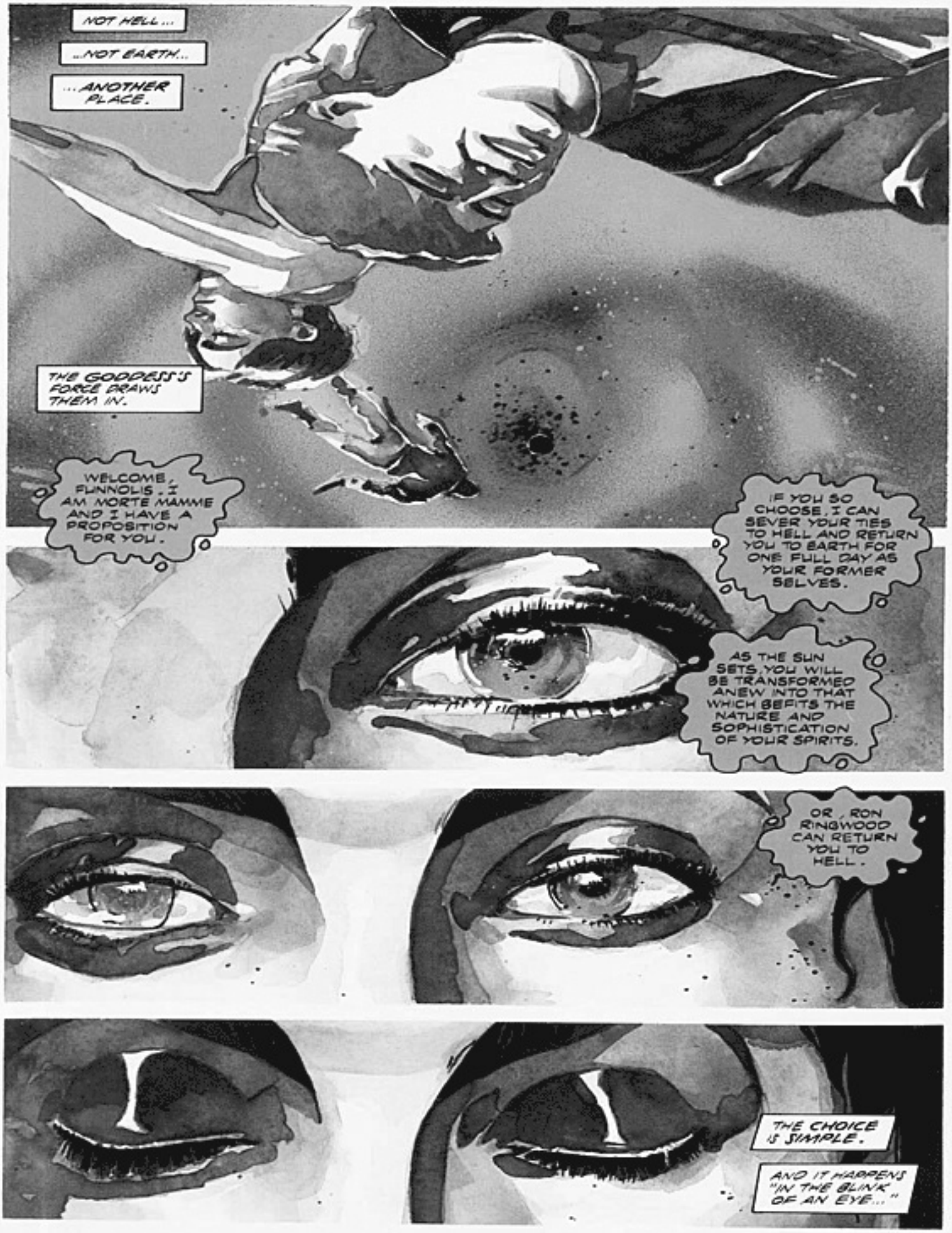
S. C. MARTIN BROUGH 90+1!

THE FABULOUS FUNNOLIS!
THANK YOU.
THANK YOU.
YA KNOW, MARTY... I DON'T GET IT. IF THIS IS HELL, THEN WHERE ARE THE LITTLE GUYS IN RED SUITS WITH HORNS?
RIGHT, STEVIE. THESE BOYS DON'T LOOK LIKE DEVILS.. THEY LOOK LIKE REJECTS FROM A HELL'S ANGELS PRODUCTION OF GODSPELL...
TOO MUCH TO BEAR.
PATIENCE. THEY WON'T LAST LONG.
SO WHAT EXACTLY IS A CEN-O-BITE, MARTY?
A MESS-O TROUBLE.
THE HOOK!
GIVE 'EM THE HOOK!
AHHHHH! PLEASE GOD NO!
I CAN'T TAKE THIS AGAIN!
WAIT! IF YA DIDN'T LIKE THOSE...
WE GOT A MILLION MORE!

UP NEXT: HELL'S VARIATION OF THE "ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE."
YOU'RE ON, SWEETHEART.
WAIT! PLEASE!
WHAT PLAY IS IT?
I DON'T KNOW MY LINES.
WHERE'S MY COSTUME?
GROUP HUG
HAVE FUN!
WHERE'S MY SKIN?
MAN, WE DIED OUT THERE!
NO KIDDING. WE NEED NEW MATERIAL.
HOW ABOUT THE ONE ABOUT...
FUNNOLIS! CURTAIN GOIN' UP! THREE... TWO... ONE...
SO I WAS TALKING TO LEVIATHAN THE OTHER DAY, AND, UH...
OH YEAH?
INTERESTING GUY. MULTI-FACETED.
RULER OF ALL HELL.
HMMM. OMNIPOTENT, OR OMNI-POINTED?
WE'RE RUNNING LOW ON BODILY FLUIDS.
BLASPHEMY!
MAKE 'EM BLEED!
WHAT D'YA SAY YOU RETIRE THOSE TWO FUNNOLI JOKERS FOR GOOD?
WITH PLEASURE.

BUT AMONG THE LEGIONS OF HELL, ALL IS NOT AS IT SEEMS.
A NEW AGE HAS DAWNED, AS A DARING GROUP OF COMMANDOS CHALLENGE THE WRATH OF HELL TO SAVE INNOCENTS TRAPPED THERE.
RON RINGWOOD, MOST REBELLIOUS OF THE SEVEN HARROWERS, REMOVES HIS CENOBITE DISGUISE.
SOUL SAVING TIME!
YEEEEE HAHHH!
UH OH...
NOW WE'VE DONE IT.
WHAT'S GOING ON?
NO! PLEASE!
DON'T TAKE US TO LEVIATHAN!
COOL IT, GUYS. I'M GETTING YOU THE HELL OUT OF HERE!
THE HOOK!
GIVE THE INTRUDER THE HOOK!
AHHGH!
RIP
RIP
UHGH.
A GIFT OF THE GODDESS MORTE MAMME. INSTANTANEOUS HEALING.
WHO'S SMILING NOW?


HMM. THREE AGAINST 3000.
WE KNOW WHERE WE'RE NOT WANTED.
AN INSTANT OPENING, CUT BY A HARROWER'S WEAPON--MAKES A GRAND EXIT FROM THE THEATRE... AND HELL.
HE'S NOT A CENOBITE!
HE'S ONE OF THE HARROWERS!
ALWAYS LEAVE 'EM WANTING MORE, BOYS.
STOP HIM!
LEVIATHAN WILL NOT STAND FOR THIS.
THEY'RE GONE. NO TRACE.
SUCH A DISRUPTION.


NOT HELL...
...NOT EARTH...
...ANOTHER PLACE.
THE GODDESS'S FORCE DRAWS THEM IN.
WELCOME, FUNNOLIS. I AM MORTE MAMME AND I HAVE A PROPOSITION FOR YOU.
IF YOU SO CHOOSE, I CAN SEVER YOUR TIES TO HELL AND RETURN YOU TO EARTH FOR ONE FULL DAY AS YOUR FORMER SELVES.
AS THE SUN SETS, YOU WILL BE TRANSFORMED ANEW INTO THAT WHICH BEFITS THE NATURE AND SOPHISTICATION OF YOUR SPIRITS.
OR, RON RINGWOOD CAN RETURN YOU TO HELL.
THE CHOICE IS SIMPLE.
AND IT HAPPENS "IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE..."

BACK IN THEIR HOLLYWOOD APARTMENT--SURROUNDED BY STALE JOKES AND OLD ROUTINES.
NONE OF THIS STUFF IS FUNNY.
I KNOW.
WE SPENT OUR WHOLE LIFE TRYING TO MAKE PEOPLE LAUGH AND WE WEREN'T ANY GOOD AT IT.
ALL OF THIS STUFF SUCKS.
WHAT MADE US THINK WE WERE ANY GOOD?
HEY, LOOK AT THIS!
YA KNOW, THERE IS ONE PERSON THAT THINKS WE'RE FUNNY.
YEAH? WHO?
OUR MOTHER.
YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT WITH HER SO SICK--IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE WE'VE SEEN HER SMILE.
BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE WE'VE SEEN HER, PERIOD.
WE GOT TIME--LET'S DO IT.

CEDAR LAKE HOSPITAL--
HOME NOW TO ANGELA FUNNOLI--
--AND LAST STOP ON THE COMIC CIRCUIT FOR THE FABULOUS FUNNOLIS.
CEDAR LAKE
REMEMBER WHEN WE USED TO MAKE HER LAUGH?
SHE MADE US WANT TO BE COMEDIANS--
--THEN WE ABANDONED HER.

OUT ON THE LAWN.
THE ONE WITH THE WALKER.
COME ON, WE CAN DO IT. ONE LAST TIME.

SHE LOOKS SO OLD AND TIRED.
IT'S GONNA BE TOUGH.
NO, IT ISN'T. SHE'S OUR MOM.
OFF
ASS

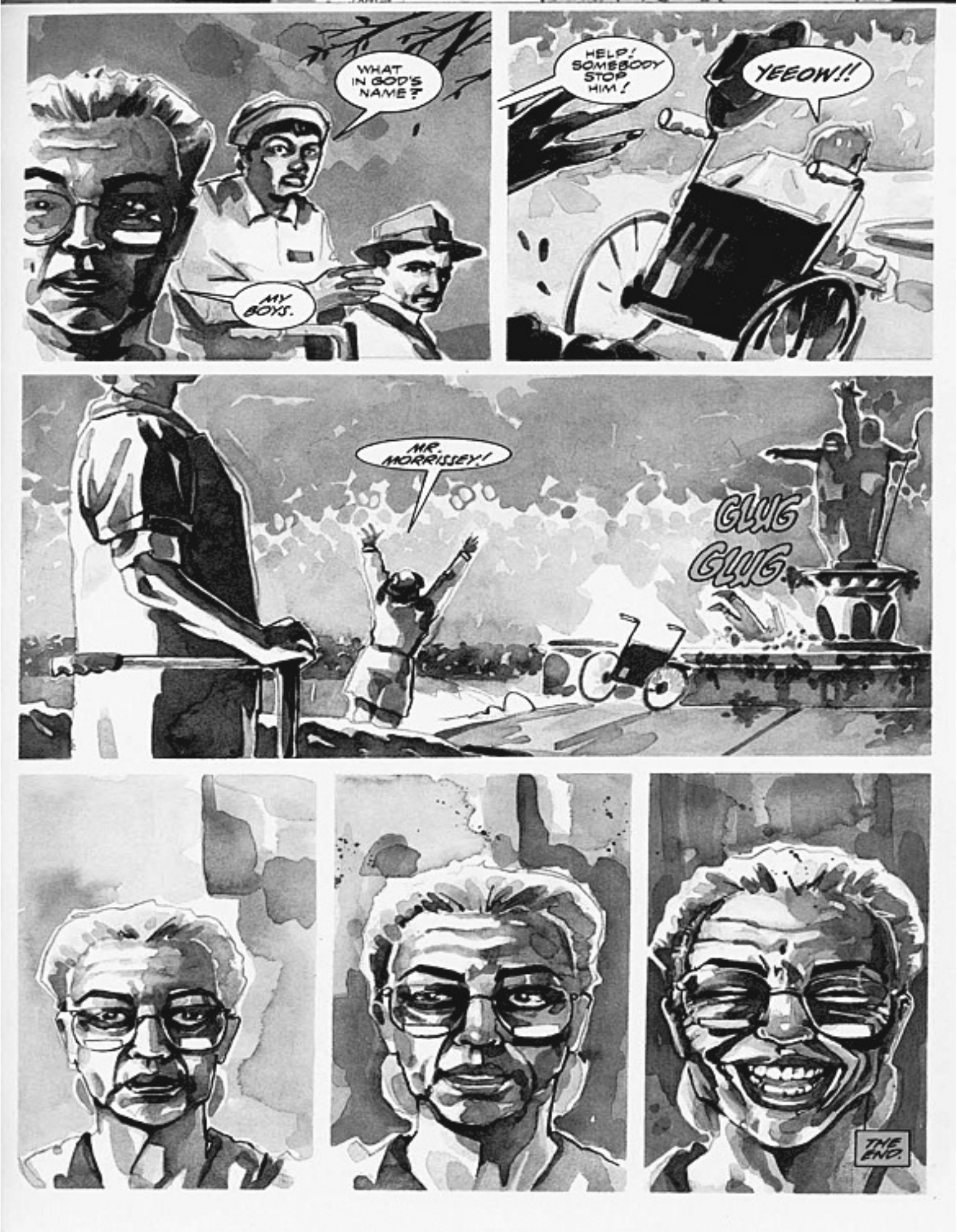
HEY, MOM! WHAT'S WORSE THAN TWO SONS THAT RARELY VISIT?
TWO SONS THAT NEVER VISIT!

THEY CALL THAT A WALKER?
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE DOING ALL THE WALKING!
PLEASE MOM, WE--

--OH MY GOD!
IT'S HAPPENING!
IT'S TIME.

NO STOPPING--

--THE CHANGE.
RUFF
RUFF
RUFF


WHAT IN GOD'S NAME?
MY BOYS.
HELP! SOMEBODY STOP HIM!
YEEOW!!
MR. MORRISSEY!
GLUG GLUG
THE END.

S. C. MARTINBROUGH '92

Clive Barker
creator/consultant

D.G. Chichester
Marc McLaurin
consulting editors

Jason Polkovitz
Rob Dyrenforth
hellish assistance

David Wohl
editor

Carl Potts
executive editor

Tom DeFalco
editor in chief

frontis and end piece illustrations by
Shawn Martinbrough

interior illustrations
George Pratt
Derek Yaniger

cover art by
Tristan Schane

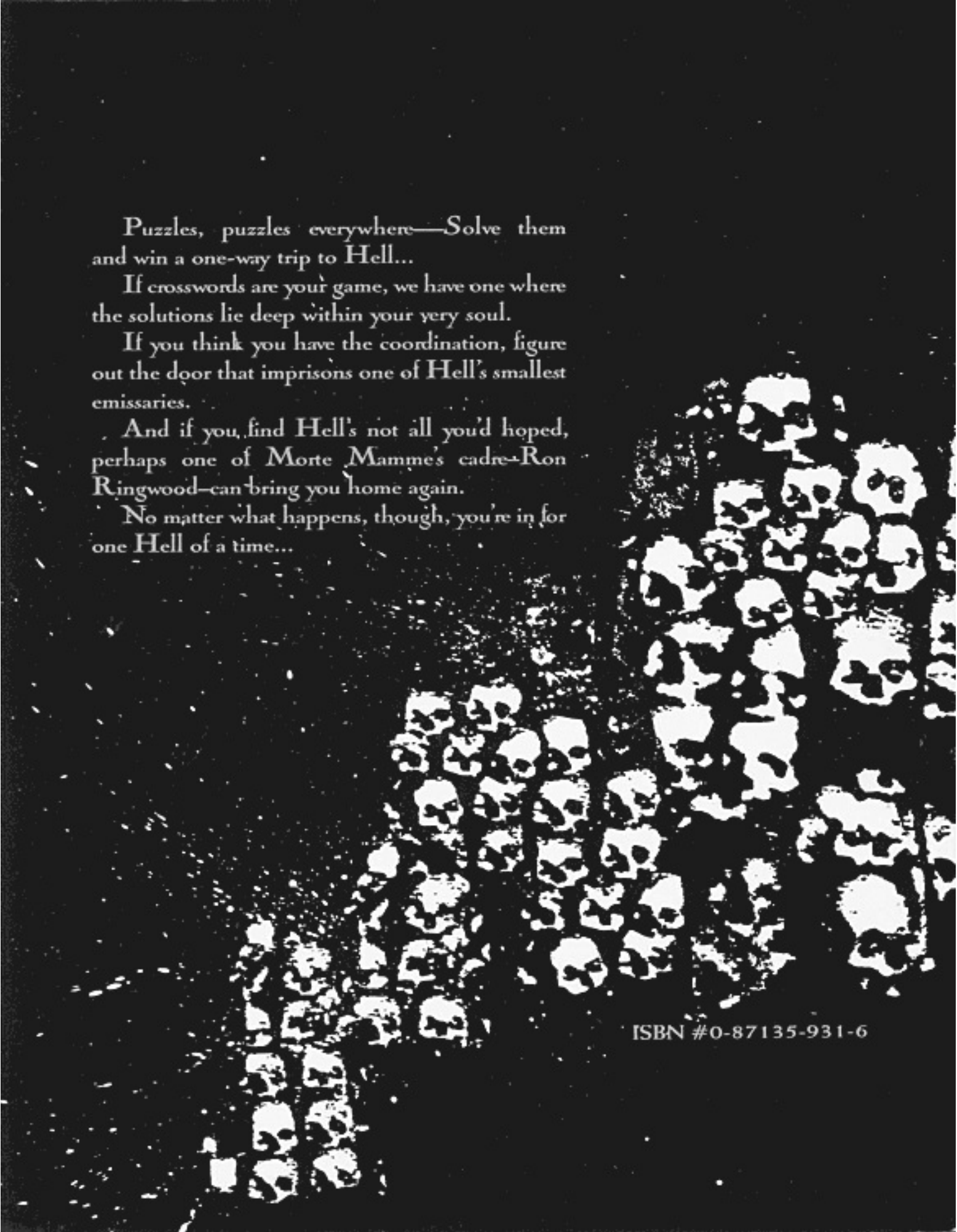
Puzzles, puzzles everywhere—Solve them and win a one-way trip to Hell...

If crosswords are your game, we have one where the solutions lie deep within your very soul.

If you think you have the coordination, figure out the door that imprisons one of Hell's smallest emissaries.

And if you find Hell's not all you'd hoped, perhaps one of Morte Mamme's cadre–Ron Ringwood–can bring you home again.

No matter what happens, though, you're in for one Hell of a time...



ISBN #0-87135-931-6